# ON NATIONAL TRAITS.

## DONN PIATT DISCUSSES THEM IN HIS MEMORIES OF LONDON.

**Some Popular Theories Thereon Shown to be Untenable—Youthful John Bulls Asserting Their Rights—Hunting for Blonde Englishmen.**

[Original.]

There is a delusion common to humanity in general, and very strong in tourists given to pen driving, that there are certain national characteristics by which one people may be known from another. That such exist one cannot doubt, but that they are found to the extent relied on is a delusion. My attention was called to this by an honorable M. P., who, looking with me upon London bridge, said that there was a tradition to the effect that if one could look at London bridge any time during the day and not see a white horse upon it, such unfortunate spectator would have some grave misfortune happen him within twenty-four hours.

"There is another peculiar feature about London bridge," he went on to assert. "We are regarded as a blonde race, possessed of stout legs and broad shoulders. Now, stand with me upon this great thoroughfare and note the singular fact that the blondes are an exception and the stout fellows a myth."

I verified the assertion, and since have noted the fact, so directly in antagonism to popular belief, to be evident in all parts of London.

"And are not the distinctive traits of character, for example, so much relied on equally unreliable?" I asked.

"Very likely," he responded; "human nature is human nature the world over when it stands on the same level. There are certain differences that really do not amount to much upon which we base wide distinctions. For example, if one were to drop asleep in London and waken without warning in New York, he would be able to 'locate' himself, as you say, by a difference in the use of our common tongue. An Englishman raises his voice at the end of a sentence, while an American drops his. Both tones have a nasal sound, with the American's a shade thinner. By-the-by, the best delineators of English peculiarities upon the stage are Americans, such as Lester Wallack and Jefferson. I have known quite a number of your countrymen who, to protect themselves from sharpers in pursuit of innocent strangers, have caught the trick. Wear loose clothes, thick boots, a beaver on the back of your head and then go about indignant over the loss of a penny and you are an Englishman.

"To this you may add certain general effects, such as climate. For example, a cool, healthy, bracing climate such as this tends to make men brave and self-reliant, while an enervating, unhealthy one has the opposite effect."

"That," he interrupted, "is not proven in your own country. The South has produced your desperadoes and made the use of the knife and revolver a national trait."

"I beg your pardon, the use of the knife and revolver is no evidence of courage. On the contrary, it may be the proof of cowardice, and generally is. Note the difference, for example, between a duel in our Southern States and one in Ireland. With the last named there is but one anxiety evident, and that is to prove the courage of the combatants, each willing to give the other the advantage. With us, two-thirds of the time is taken up in trying to overreach and get one's adversary at one's mercy."

"I never thought of that, but I have been struck with the fact that among our ancestors true courage declined as heavy armor increased. When the pot-metal got too heavy for the gallant knight the old fellow had reached the most evident point of helpless poltroonery. While going through the Tower with country cousins I have often wondered what would be thought of an officer to-day who would clatter into a fight with pot lids hung around him, or with any other evidence of caring for his own safety. But if what you say is correct, as to the Northern and Southern courage, how do you account for the fact that your Northern troops were thrashed so regularly during your late civil war?"

"The South was on the defensive, in a country well known to its men and officers. When they in turn assumed the offensive we had the trashing reversed, as at Gettysburg. Besides, we labored under the disadvantage of assuming and acting upon the assumption that we possessed a regular military force. Our men lacked the confidence that comes of drill and discipline. We were only a better armed and better organized militia. Our government never having required a common soldier, made no attempt to create one."

"But you have an army?"

"Yes, an army of officers. Our blessed Republic has in its wisdom nurtured the European practice based on a thousand years' experience. As Franklin says, take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves. You can take care of the soldier believing that the officers will come as a matter of course. At least that is the end to begin an organization at."

"You owed much, then, to the foreign element during your civil war?"

"I beg your pardon, we owed nothing. Our armies were made up mainly of native Americans. But for New England, using its money in the purchase of substitutes, the foreign element would not have been felt in the last two years of the war. That is saying too much, perhaps, for the Germans volunteered largely, and owing to their discipline and knowledge of drill, made excellent soldiers. But our armies were, in every sense of the word, American."

This conversation led us some distance from national traits, but it illustrated one that strongly marks your true Englishman. There is in him a judicial quality that is very striking. He listens, and seems to weigh conflicting facts and differing opinions; and the farther they are from his experience or observation the more interested, or rather amused, he seems to be. But pluck is the great English quality. There was a school near our house, and sitting at the window as the boys returned home, I was called upon almost daily to witness a fight among the little fellows. The girls looked on as much amused as the boys, and the vim and energy with which those youthful Bulls punched each other were extraordinary. The rules of the ring were strictly observed, the outsiders interfering when one was violated. This is remarkable among the little beggars who swarm in certain localities The cheerful energy with which these scamps knocked the rags off each other would astonish our Young Men's Christian Association. There is but one law that is respected, and that is of the ring. I saw once, for example, from the top of an omnibus in Tottenham Court road, a boy fighting two others, with the consent of the crowd. It was such an unusual mill that I stopped the omnibus and got down to inquire about it, and found the little bruiser had contracted to whip both his assailants. The police never interfere in these juvenile affairs, unless called upon by some benevolent bystander or indignant householder before whose premises a crowd is being collected.

We Americans, on the contrary, cultivate spoonies. If an English lad comes home thrashed he is apt to encounter another thrashing. With us the boy is trained to accept insult. It is a Christian virtue that creates the car hog. In Europe were a man to occupy more seats than he pays for he would be jerked from the cars by the first passenger. In our cars a car hog can take to himself four seats and ride undisturbed. We have been trained, from early childhood, to submit to wrong when the wrong to be righted calls for violence. In London the driver of a hansom or four-wheeler will cheat you if he can. But he has to be civil and polite. With us a hackman is a fellow who will insult you if you speak to him, cheat you if you employ him and whip you if you complain of him. DONN PIATT.

MAC-O-CHEEK, O., May 13.

## MONSTROSITIES ON EXHIBITION.

**A Business Which Abounds in the Revolting and the Horrible.**

[Leland's London Letter.]

The question of cruelty reminds me that just now The Pall Mall Gazette is publishing letters revealing unheard-of wickedness in even the most noted and best managed circuses in England as regards the atrocious manner in which the poor children are treated who are trained in them. Few people seem to be aware that while kindness is the rule as regards animals (until it is found that it is useless,) cruelty is the system pursued with little girls and boys.

The whole business of the "slangs" abounds in the revolting and the horrible. The gaping rustics and other fools who gaze with wonder on the big-headed boy and the youth with a head set the wrong way, and other human monstrosities, are not aware that these are produced artificially by unprincipled scoundrels of broken-down surgeons and by processes of incredible cruelty. The familiar of the Inquisition and the Red Indian never yet went so far as to keep a young girl or boy for six months or longer in constant excruciating agony, tied down to a table, while the head and spine were being slowly twisted to a hideous malformation and the ligaments and muscles being gradually cut away.

Well, all of this was done, not once but many times, a few years ago by a wretch named Harper in London, who regularly supplied circuses and shows with these horrible curiosities. Of course the proprietors knew how they were made. Yet when we reflect on the great number of "gentlemen" who think it manly or cynical to laugh at even such wickedness it is not wonderful the multitudes like to see the results of it. Once a medico of Philadelphia, a gentleman in the hightest circles of society, told me he had seen exhibiting a child with an immensely swelled head, and that on examination he instantly found that it was artificially produced. He then described the process by which it was effected, and this was of such loathsome cruelty that I cannot bear to describe it. "And did you not report this to the police?" I asked. To which he replied, with a sneer, that all that he cared about it was to ascertain if the work had been well done. I believe on my life that he would have performed the same operation for the mere pleasure or "science" of it.

Now this I would assert—that no country is free from barbarism in which any kind of human or animal monstrosities or malformations, be they dwarfs stunted with gin and other medicaments (the whole process of making one out of an ordinary little babe is given in a book), a fat woman, or giants, leprous negroes, snakemen, or living skeletons, are gloated over with admiration. I commend this subject to those readers who by paying to see such "curiosities" cause the demand for them.

**Daniel Webster's Improvidence.**

[Ben: Perley Poore.]

On another occasion Mr. Webster had invited some friends to dinner. As he left home in the morning he requested his wife to send John down to the office about 10 o'clock to go to market with him. John came down accordingly. Mr. Webster was busy writing. He asked John if he had any money. John replied in the negative. "Then," said Mr. Webster, "go down to Mr. Burritt and ask him to lend me $5." (Burritt was a stationer in the lower story.) John came back and stated that Mr. Burritt had not $5, but sent him $10, which Webster took and put in his waistcoat pocket. Pretty soon a poor woman came in on an alms-asking errand. Said Webster, still writing, "I know all about it: you've lost your husband and have five small children and nothing to eat. Take this!" and he gave her the $10 note which John had borrowed from Mr. Burritt.

By and by he finished his work and remarked to his servant: "Now, John, we'll go to market." Down they went through Court and Washington streets and Dock square to the Quincy market, below Faneuil hall. Mr. Webster bought of the butchers at the south end of the market what suited him, but made no payments, as he had accounts with them. At last they reached a vegetable dealer, of whom Webster also made a purchase, and was about to pass on as before when the faithful John arrested him with the remark: "Mr. Webster, this man is a stranger to us; we never had dealings with him." "True," said the great lawyer, "very true;" and put his hand in his pocket for the money to pay the amonnt. Finding none, he said to his servant: "John, I thought you gave me some money just now!" "So I did, sir," said John, "but you gave it to that poor woman who came into the office." "Ah!" said Webster, "so I did, but I had forgotten all about it. Well, John, you must borrow some more money and come down and pay these people; and now we will go home."

# GETTING UNDER WEIGH.

## THE SEA AS IT IS OUTSIDE THE FASCINATING MARITIME NOVELS.

**The Pleasures of "Turning To" and "Bearing a Hand"—Good Reading for Sea-Struck Youths—A "Start in Life."**

[Special Correspondence.]

BOSTON, May 13.—Years ago I shipped "before the mast" in a first-class clipper bound from New York to San Francisco. When on the day of sailing I went on board an officer desired to know if I "belonged to the ship." I told him I did. Whereat, he immediately swore at me and commanded me to instantly "turn to" and "bear a hand" in various directions. He seemed to consider profanity an indispensable accompaniment to the giving of orders, and a sort of ornamental fringe to his vocabulary.

This proved to be the first mate. He passed me over to the temporary charge of the fourth mate. This personage was a boy about my own age. What he lacked in years and experience he made up in dignity and bullying. He regarded me with a contemptuous sniff, a scowl, and emphasized these with an oath. Then he set me at work cleaning out the ship's hog pen.

An hour previous I had taken final leave of friends in an abode of comfort, elegance and refinement. In the parlor I had left were the opened piano, a lady's work basket full of material for delicate ornamentation, a table covered with choice books.

The change to the hog pen was sudden and striking. One hour a respected and parting guest, the next a slave, cursed by one brute of two legs while administering to the comfort of another on four.

I endeavored to accommodate myself to this change. I strove conscientiously with broom and scraper to put the ship's pig pen in a neat and orderly condition. My motive seemed neither appreciated by the pig nor the little man full of importance who supervised my efforts. He swore at me persistently. Where I had scraped and swept he made me scrape and sweep over again. He seemed to have made up his mind previously that no effort of mine could or should suit him.

Meantime the older sailors were coming on board more or less drunk, a condition deemed the correct thing by the old sailor when bound on a long cruise. Some tumbled directly into their forecastle berths, others chose a recumbent position on deck and there manifested a reckless inebriated jollity. The officers took little note of them. It seemed the regular routine to which they were accustomed, and they seemed to consider that Jack must be granted some latitude while "sobering off."

To complicate the situation, or rather my sensations, at the time, some of my comrades came on board to see me off, all in fashionable dress, wearing glossy coats and beavers and snowy white linen. They saw me the slave of the pig pen, and driven hither and thither under abusive commands of this bullying fourth mate. I could only nod and smile at them. They stood in a cluster aft, where the mate treated them with politeness and consideration. I, under maritime discipline, could not join that group. I was a slave and under their eyes. This was a great change within a few hours. I saw them depart, and as they went over the rail my head sunk very low.

A tug came alongside. Presently the great ship seemed to part from the wharf. A slowly widening space grew between it and the vessel. The mass of humanity and houses commenced slowly to recede. I could only catch of it a hasty glimpse now and then, so persevering were the efforts and so frequent the orders of my tyrant, who for the time had control of myself and the ship's pig pen.

My revenge on him came sooner than I anticipated. I pulled him overboard. It was an unconscious and unpremeditated act. He stood on the "mizzen chains," holding in his hands a line which he intended passing to a hand on the tug, for what purpose I knew not. The line led forward outside the vessel and on deck through a hawser hole. Some one cried out: "Haul in on that line." I was on the alert for orders, having finished the pig pen. A line lay at my feet. I hauled on it. There seemed a vigorous resistance at the other end. The high bulwarks hid the little man who held it from my sight. It was he who was making the resistance. We were pulling against each other, yet each knew not the other who pulled. I thought it was all right, ship-shape and maritime fashion. Presently at my end of the rope I felt something give way, then I heard a splash and an outcry of "Man overboard!" I peeped over the bulwarks and saw my friend the fourth mate floundering in the muddy water contiguous to the wharf. Many rotten oranges floated about him, recently tossed from a West India fruit schooner. They fished him on the tug with a boat hook. I knew I had done this deed. But for the time I avoided owning it to myself. There was a demand to know "Who the —— hauled on that rope?" I sacredly kept all the information I had on that subject to myself during the entire voyage. I never ever looked at that fourth mate and allowed my thoughts to dwell on this incident of our first day's acquaintance, for fear he might read them.

We were towed out in the bay and there anchored for the night. I "turned in," and turned out next morning to make the acquaintance of the first mate. He was a son of Sweden. Coming out of the forecastle in the gray dawn of morning, my eyes yet heavy with sleep, I encountered a gang of men tramping aft with a wet hawser. On shore all was the quiet of the earliest morn. There the day's business had scarcely commenced, nor the cocks finished their early crowing. But on shipboard all was activity, bustle and seeming confusion.

A rough hand was laid on my shoulder as thus I contemplated the picture, and I found myself dragged toward the wet hawser and tramping file of men, and bidden again to "bear a hand." This was my foreign friend, the third mate. He swore at me also. On no account was profanity ever omitted in the working of our ship.

The day wore on. I was ordered, it seemed to me, by everybody, and tried to obey everybody. It was thankless work. By 5 o'clock in the afternoon the tug left us, taking the "longshoremen" who had done most of the work getting the ship out of the harbor. When they had gone our world was left intact, and a scowling, hard, unfriendly world it seemed to me.

Thirty-six hours afterward we were in a gulf stream "blow," and about ten o'clock at night I found myself on the foretopsail yard, clinging for life with both hands and wishing I could be of some use to the men about me, who bore themselves in this insecure situation with all the ease of long usage. To me it was a fearful combination of tossing, heaving, darkness and strangeness. The men were pulling in concert at fold after fold of wet, flapping sail, bringing it atop the yard. In this work I was useless and an incumbrance. I simply clung. A sailor perceiving my general inefficiency and fear told me to go on deck. As I seemed under everybody's orders I did so. Here a foe, which for some hours I had been trying to throw off or delude myself with the idea that it was not the enemy I suspected, overcame me—sea-sickness. I laid myself upon the deck. On me poured the rain and over me tramped the heavy boots of the noisy tars as they swayed away at brace and clew line. The deck became a pond as wave on wave sent from its crest their cards on board in the form of buckets or barrels of water dashed over the bulwarks. I rolled into the lee scuppers. A voice bawled into my ear, "Are you sick?" I was feebly affirmative. "Go below," was the order. Below I went, and tumbled thankfully into a berth alongside of another sick "greenhorn."

It seemed but a few moments afterward—but it was morning, for to a sailor at sea morning comes very early—I was "yanked" out of my berth by a strong hand and bidden to dress myself and turn to. This gentleman was the second mate. He swore at me, of course. Indeed, profanity seemed to accumulate in these gentlemen's mouths if they remained long silent, so that its discharge was the first necessity ere giving utterance to other thought. He said he had come to cure my sea-sickness. He said this with a sardonic grin. I pulled on my wet clothes and staggered on deck. The cloud of yesterday's canvas had disappeared, but a single sail was set, the bare masts and yards were rising and falling against a background of stormy sky, the ocean was a tumbling mass of gray-hued water, the storm music was playing on the ship's rigging. Weak, faint and trembling, and I may add tumbling about, my feet having as yet learned no sea grip of the deck, my present master put a "chain hook" in my hands and bid me assist the gang in dragging along section after section of the heavy iron cable, preparatory to its final storage in the "run," where it would rest until we reached San Francisco.

The mode of cure seemed rough. It seemed also efficacious. "Misery" was no name for it during the first hours I so worked. Yet little by little the agony worked off, and by nightfall I could relish the quart of hot water, colored with something called tea and served us sweetened with molasses. Had I been nursed as a passenger I should probably have remained sick a week.

Yes, my dear boy, this is the sea, the deep blue sea outside the fascinating maritime novel. This is the sea without its gloves, for the young man who is weary of the home monotony of a feather bed, a room to himself, hot rolls and prime coffee for breakfast, and a mother to grumble at because she hasn't furnished just the kind of pie you like. This, my good woman, is the taste of life possibly in store for that son of yours whom you have nursed and reared so tenderly, and possibly whose every caprice you have humored, until he has come to regard you as a cross between an upper servant and a governess. Possibly a month of the experience above given might be good for him. I remember hearing one of my youthful chums on that ship say, during a terrific gale off Cape Horn, when a ton or two of greenish water was coming on board every few minutes, smashing barrels, boxes and ribs: "Jimminy! Don't I wish I was in our old woodshed home! Used to think it mighty hard to have to bring in wood and water and do such like chores after coming home from school. Jimminy! Wouldn't I be glad to do them now!" PRENTICE MULFORD.

## YOUTH'S IDEAS ON ROLLING STONES

[Original.]

"Rolling stones gather no moss."—Old Proverb.

Why should I gather moss,
When my nature is to roll—
As I deem stagnation loss
For the body and the soul?
I would roll! I would roll!
Far away from the lazy shore,
From the melancholy sand
Of the cold and barren strand,
I would roll for evermore.

I prefer the sunny slope,
Where the winding brook meanders,
To the frigid mountain cope,
Where the wild bee never wanders.
I would roll! I would roll!
To the gardens of the spring,
Where the blithe birds pair and sing,
In the fullness of their joy,
In their freedom from annoy.

Away to the fruitful plain,
To the fields of golden grain,
And mix in the human strife,
In the tide of hope and life;
Free of heart, and hand, and soul,
I would roll, I would roll,
In beautiful endeavor,
Forever and forever!

CHARLES MACKAY.

LONDON, May 1.

**"The Roller Waltz."**

[Buffalo Express.]

A new result of roller skating has made its appearance. It might be called the roller waltz, and may be observed in the carriage of young women who frequent the alleged baneful resorts. It consists in a short, quick, outward turn of the heel as the foot is raised in walking. The opponents of the rinks say that this is but the precursor of foot-and-mouth disease, cerebro-spinal meningitis, small-pox, spavin, black-death and a host of other horrible ills which are bound to afflict the race which permits roller skating or any other form of bodily exercise in which both sexes join.

# GEN. A. S. JOHNSTON.

## INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE CONFEDERATE LEADER'S DEATH.

**Recollections of an Ex-Confederate Staff Officer—The Last Charge at Shiloh—The Commander Mortally Wounded—Pathetic Scene.**

[Maj. Dudley M. Haydon.]

I had been the bearer of several orders during the day, and in the intervals had not much to do but witness the scenes hourly shifting before me. One of the principal duties of a staff officer is to bear orders and rally troops; but our troops were so eager to strike the enemy on that day that my time was not much occupied in that way; consequently, I was, with slight intervals, by the side of Gen. Johnston during the morning up to the time of the charge. Feeling a little neglected, I said to him: "You keep all of your staff on the wing, flying to and fro on their horses; why do you retain me by your side? I want more to do."

He replied: "You will have plenty of work to do yet."

In less than forty minutes a messenger came dashing up to him and said that Breckinridge was sorely pressed and wanted help. He turned at once and said to me: "Your chance has come. Go as fast as you can and tell Gen Bowen to move up and prepare for action." Preston, I think, had received an order just before to select the ground.

Gen. Bowen's brigade was held as a reserve. I soon found them partly under cover, where they had been awaiting orders all the morning. So soon as I delivered the order Bowen gave the word, and I shall never forget the quick glance of delight that illuminated his face and all the officers and men of the brigade, which was one of the best drilled of the whole army. As they moved forward our path was strewed with the dead and wounded. Breckinridge had suffered a repulse. Shells were bursting, cannon booming, and volley after volley of artillery and infantry were all thundering at the same time. Gen. Johnston came dashing up almost before Bowen's troops had been aligned, and stopped his horse on the crest of the hill that Preston had selected. Governor Harris and myself were the only members of his staff at that moment by his side. Gen. Breckinridge came riding up under great excitement, and said: "General, I have a regiment of Tennesseans who refuse to fight. I have been doing my utmost to rally them and get them in."

Gen. Johnston did not answer him, but turned suddenly to Governor Harris, saying: "Did you hear that, governor?" and repeated Breckinridge's words to him. Harris galloped forward after saying: "I will see what I can do." Breckinridge followed, but returned in a few moments and said again: "Gen. Johnston, I cannot get my men to make the charge." To which he replied: "Then I will help you."

It was then Gen. Johnston bowed to him and rode instantly into Bowen's lines, not many paces off, and motioned with his right hand for an opening to be made. I followed him, and stopped by the side of Bowen, in position immediately behind his brigade.

The general then turned to the left and rode up and down the line, returning near the spot where he entered it. Here he halted and saluted. On one of his fingers hung a bright tin-cup, which had been handed him by Preston during the morning, and which had served him for drinking water as we crossed the ravines. I was within twenty paces of him, and according to my recollection these were his words: "Men of Texas and Arkansas, the enemy is stubborn. I want you now to show Gen. Beauregard and Gen. Bragg what you can do with your bayonets and your toothpicks. I will lead you. Forward!" The men went in with a yell.

Turning around to see if all the men were advancing in the fire, I saw about 100 fine-looking troops crouching along the line of a fence, and, riding up to them, found that they were a part of the regiment that Governor Harris had attempted to rally and could not put them into the fight. To them I appealed, but to no purpose.

All these incidents happened, I am sure, within thirty minutes. Putting spurs to my horse I galloped a few yards and was met by Preston, who told me he had just placed Rutledge in position near the ravine, and his battery was delivering a sweeping fire through the disordered and retreating ranks of the enemy.

He asked me: "How is the battle going on, and where is Johnston?" Just then Col. Theodore O'Hara approached us with a sad face, and said: "I fear Gen. Johnston is mortally wounded. Where can I get a surgeon?" We hurriedly rode in the direction of the crest of the hill on which the charge was made. A few moments brought us to where our chief was lying in a reclining position, supported in the arms of Governor Harris. A minie ball had torn off part of the sole of his boot, from which the blood was oozing. He was deathly pale, though his eyes were open, but without luster.

Preston lifted him in his arms, opened rapidly his clothing, but could find no wounds on his body. He then exclaimed with great emotion, and loudly called out: "Johnston, don't you know me?" No response followed, and Preston cried, "Give me some whisky." Maj. Wickham handed me a canteen which he had picked up on the battle-field, and being also on my knees and nearer his head, I poured a few tablespoonfuls down his throat but he could not swallow, and it flowed over his chin. I saw that there was no hope, and putting my hand to his side announced to Preston that his heart had ceased to beat.

Preston straightened up, and, casting his eyes to the heavens, cried out in the most thrilling tones of anguish I ever heard: "My God! my God! Haydon, is it so?" A moment after, recovering his self-command, he drew out his note-book of the battle and read to those of the staff, who were standing around, this dispatch, which he asked Governor Harris to bear instantly to Gen. Beauregard. The words were in substance as follows:

"RAVINE, 2.30 o'clock.—Gen. Johnston has just fallen, mortally wounded, after a victorious attack on the left of the enemy. It now devolves on you to complete the victory."

Preston, turning to us, said: "I will go forward and procure an ambulance. You, gentlemen, will carry the body as rapidly as you can to the rear." Rifled cannons were tearing the limbs above our heads, and the minnie balls were whistling dreadfully about our ears. A blanket was pulled from a saddle near by, and we laid the general's body upon it, and before we lifted the body I jerked my sash from my waist and covered his face, shielding it from the rays of the sun.

We took the body to the very spot that we had left in the morning, some two miles in the rear over ground which had been so stubbornly contested. The spot where Johnston fell was near the utmost boundary to which the Confederates drove the Federal army that day.

**AS A BIRD.**

[Lucy R. Jeffries.]

Poor cage! I cling to you in spite of all.
I am a timid bird, I am so small.
I do not know of all those spaces vast.
Always my little cage has held me fast.
And thro' its windows five I can but see
This lower earth, so simply sweet to me.

Those do not need me. I can only sing.
The flowers hear me in the early spring,
Love's Rose has laid her soft cheek near my breast.
Oh, I am happier than was ever guessed.
Mend my poor cage, in mercy shelter me!
I am a coward and can't be free!

The strange birds come again—their wings are warm.
They have been thro' this wild night's dark and storm.
They sorrow that I cannot, too, be free.
Nor know the raptures of immensity.
They speak not to me of those spaces great—
They whisper softly but to trust and wait:
For He who made this world so sweet for me,
Will find and keep me in my liberty.

# EXECUTIVE HOSPITALITY.

[Original.]

Some time ago Governor Gallaham, a well-known Southern executive, started north on business connected with the debt of his state. Upon arriving at Little Rock the passengers were informed that, owing to a "washout," the train would be delayed several hours. "Ah," thought Governor Gallaham, "this will give me an opportunity to meet the Governor of Arkansas."

He inquired the way to the State House. The Governor of Arkansas was out of town. He had left the office in charge of his private secretary, who, having made arrangements to go fishing, had turned over the department to the care of his worthless brother-in-law, Tom Bickle.

"Come in," said Bickle, as a stately looking man presented himself at the door.

"Good morning, sir. Have I the honor of addressing the chief executive of Arkansas?"

"You have," replied Bickle.

"I am Governor Gallaham."

"Ah, Governor, glad to meet you, sir. Sit down and make yourself as much at home as though you were in your own office. By the way, Governor Gallaham, do you object to the observance of an old-time custom?"

"Oh, no; not at all."

"Well, sir, many years ago, probably before the meeting between the Governors of North and South Carolina, the Legislature of Arkansas passed a very peculiar, though, when you become accustomed to it, natural enough resolution. This, as nearly as I can remember, is the text: 'Resolved, that when the Governor of Arkansas calls upon the Governor of another state, that he shall procure a jug of the best whisky and drink to the everlasting perpetuity of our common country; and be it further resolved, that when the Governor of another state do visit the Governor of Arkansas, that the visiting Governor procure a jug and drink as above directed.' This is an old custom, Governor," continued Bickle, who was suffering for a drink and who hadn't the substance of a cent nor the shadow of credit, "and I will not insist upon its enforcement, especially as I am a Prohibitionist; but as I say, the custom is very old and has been observed by some of the most eminent men in the country. I thought I had a jug here, somewhere," added Bickle, looking under the table. "The Governor of Missouri was down here several days ago, and though I insisted, yielding to the promptings of the great temperance principle, that the rule should not be observed, yet he declared that he would not be the first to disregard it. Good man, that Governor of Missouri. Full of honor, brim full of it, sir."

"My dear sir," said Governor Gallaham, "I was elected on the Temperance ticket, but, like the Governor of Missouri, I cannot be the first one to trample upon the rule. What is the conventional sum?"

"Ten dollars."

"Here's the money, sir."

Bickle said on such occasions it was the rule that the resident Governor should go in person and have the jug filled. Going to a neighboring saloon, he bought $2 worth of cheap whisky.

"Now, Governor, we will proceed," he said, when he returned to the executive chamber.

"I do not like to drink," replied Gallaham; "I used to drink a great deal and——"

"Oh, so did I, Governor; and were it not for this old-time rule I would never drink again. Glasses are barred. Turn up the jug."

Gallaham took a pretty fair "snort" and passed the jug to Bickle, who wrestled with it as a man wrestles with an opponent of whose tricks he is aware.

"Arkansas is a great state," said the visiting governor, "a state of wonderful resources."

"Bet your executive life," replied Bickle, shoving the jug toward Gallaham, who, turning it up, remarked:

"Here's to our common country."

"Don't speak of it," said Bickle, as he received the jug and puckered his lips around the short neck of the vessel.

"How long have you lived in this state?" asked Gallaham.

"Who, me? Let me think. See the Arkansas river out there? Well, sir, when I came here that river was nothing but a damp streak."

"You don't tell me so!"

"Oh, yes. It kept getting damper every year until it got so oozy that we had to roll up our breeches when we crossed it. See that steamboat? Well, sir, right where that boat is hugging the current my yoke of steers got stalled one day."

Gallaham said nothing, but he turned up the jug. Bickle caught it as it came down, drank, and continued:

"That river gets awful low in the summer. Got so low last year that the doctors gave it up. Nobody thought it could recover. I've seen steamboats struggling along on stilts. Passengers were all sneezing."

"Passengers sneezing?"

"Yes, the dust was so thick that one time——"

Bickle did not finish the sentence, but glided through the door. He saw the Governor of Arkansas coming up the walk. Gallaham did observe the departure of Mr. Bickle, but sat with his elbows on the table and with his head on his hands. The real Governor entered. Gallaham looked up and said:

"Wharz Gov'ner."

"I am the Governor."

"Liar!"

Governor Gallaham was rudely hustled from the executive chamber. He cannot remember how long it was from the time he left the executive chamber until the time when he struck the State House yard, but he thinks that it was during the afternoon. He took the wrong train and went back home. The people of his state are indignant. The chances are that his political grave has been dug. Bickle has not returned from the woods. OPIE P. READ.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 12.